

A Thousand Words - A Stream of Consciousness

by Valentine Makoni

Disfigured abstract
Broken mirror reflection
Human sans filters

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I live in a perpetual state of turmoil
Peace eludes me
If my mind where a house
Winds shatter the blinds
Rodents infect the floors
Storms torment the roofs

My mind, is not at ease
I beg for respite often
Plead for it, please

Yet the war rages on
The body is weary and battered
The mind is haggard and tired
The soul isolated in tatters

Seven Ghosts haunt this mansion
The worst of them is Fear
His eerie presence stalks the hallways
Inducing starts and jumps in his whispers

His companions are the worst
They named Shame and Guilt
They mock the concept of identity
Laugh at the pretence of self-control
Luxuriously lounge on the furniture of the inner beings

Lust and Anger visit often
The former slithers in and out uninvited
The latter storms through the locks without a care
Both leave traces of Shame and Guilt in their wake
Paint walls of their horrible feel

Doubt resides in the rooftops
A ceiling on capacity and movement
Placing a lid on dreams and hopes

Leaking in the sodden moisture
Flickering out the lights,

Ego rots away in the basement
Content to chip away at any sense of worth
Seeking impossible validation
Inducing cracks and creeks on the boards of esteem

Seven Ghosts reside within me
I call for faith and love to exorcise me
I pray that as they leave and I rebuild
In mercy I find the stones to construct
A place for my friend to reside
Peace,
Peace in my heart

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I am a serial failure.
I don't say this as a bait for pity, I state it as a matter of fact.
I am a serial failure.

This statement probably triggers you. Impulsively repulsed by the notion of thinking in such "negative" terms. In the age of selfie culture, motivational speaking, Instagram stunting, slay queens bosses and dons, failure has no place to exist.

Too bad, I am well acquainted with it. In my academics, my relationships, my friendships, my entrepreneurial ventures, my morality, spirituality, existential explorations, hobbies, passions and ambitions.... Succumbing to vice, depression and addiction. I am a serial failure.

Failure eats at me. It gorges on my psyche. I am wracked, wracked in doubt. Unsure of my next move, because the last didn't work out. Afraid of the next connection, perpetually aware of the last being snapped. This is what failure is. It is not abstract, objective, verifiable. It is internal, subjective, personal. A chip, a hole, a flaw ingrained into my being.

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I am becoming the person I used to hate
A vapid, performative caricature of self

Chained by the very keys to freedom
Fragile wealth in social capital
A stock on the rise
Bullish on nothing but hopeful ambition

Someone told me my profile looks so well put together
I hated it
I hated it
I don't have my sh*t together

Love and lust conflate
Friendship is bittersweet
Our relationship held together by tenuous strands of mutual desperation
Oh, they curve me in the DM
Yeah, the very ones who retweet me

Trading blood for water
A cancer to family ties
Eating away at relations bonds

Recently, I did my first mix!
I chopped up reality
Rearranged it
Elevated it with music
Edited out the ugly
Mixed, mastered, published, pushed for mass consumption

Oh, I can spin it alright
See an abrasive abuser
Call him an obsessive innovator
See a controlling ego
Call it a passionate creator

Survivor's guilt a misnomer
Next week could be a celebration
This week its another massacre
You would think I am a masochistic addict
Another hit of failure... there, stew on that

I want you to want me
I need you to love me
Yet I watch in exasperation
As I feed you a persona
Whose value erodes from over exposure

I am becoming the person I used to hate
And maybe... just maybe.... You can like me then.

....

Today I moved out
In feeble protest
In subtle resistance
In weak hope

I wish to embrace the struggling artists within. Its not that I have a plan. I have none. But I have dreams, hope, longing.

I find purpose in the search.

People ask me often, are you getting paid? Where is the money? How will you survive?

Mostly, I don't know! I haven't figured out money yet. What I am trying to figure out is value.

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I am single. I don't even know if I am searching. But, an ex's words linger, simmer, echo.

"You have so much potential."

She says them, with wistful regret. With rueful intent. Infused with pitiful disbelief.

They haunt, they torment, they echo.

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Today, I moved out.

I am broke, single, resourceless. It's not a rite of passage of triumph. In fact, one could legitimately frame it as adolescent reckless tantrum.

I choose to see it as a start. As a start to hope, to potential realised, to dreams chased, to work done, to ambitions pursued. I choose to see it as a wrestling of destiny into hands too puny and scrawny. I choose to see it as a trial, a fight, a charge. I choose to... start.

I need you. I need your support. In words, in likes, in comments, in shares. In donations that pay the rent, in subscriptions that buy the food, in partnerships that pay the bills. I need your words and your silence, your truth and your compliments. I need you.

I battle within, on where the line between begging, asking and demanding what is my due lies.

Afraid, sullied, conflicted, torn.

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Honesty wouldn't be difficult

If there was no fault, blame or weakness

We are blemished beings

That is what makes us human

So, in the spirit of truth,

This is me.

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You could be my day one fan. If so, tell me so.

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